

PS635

29176484



JANE ROMANY

AN ORIGINAL PLAY

(IN FIVE ACTS)

HENRY HILL (Dramatist)

NEW YORK

Adapted from the story of same title. Copyright 1907

1907

PS 635
Z9 H6484

TMP96-006409

[From the Essex County Press, Newark, N. J.]

Mr. Hill's Play—Rans Romany

We give to-day on our second page the concluding scene of Mr. Henry Hill's melodrama. We have published this literary production, running now through five weeks, because we were sure our readers would find it good matter. From the many commendations on every side we are glad to record that we were not mistaken. Mr. Hill gave a reading of his play at Lyric Hall on the 7th instant, before the Home Dramatic Association, on which occasion there was a very select audience, a number of persons prominent in dramatic, musical and literary circles being present. In an explanatory prologue he said;

Ladies and gentlemen—The title of my play is Rans Romany. Rans is pronounced as if spelt "Rance." It is a contraction or nickname for Randolph, Ransom or Ransford. Vandervoort, the Broad street druggist, was known among his schoolfellows as Rans, and Randolph Rogers, the sculptor, is known all through Michigan, his native State, as Rans Rogers. About the word Romany, all will recognize a distinct gipsy flavor. Whether because the gipsies existed in large numbers in Roumania, or because in the (Manush) gipsy dialect Rom was masculine and Rommi feminine, "Romany" or "Rommany" has become the generic term for the swarming bands who infest the suburbs of large cities in summer and occupy the dives and cellars of disreputable localities in the winter; or migrating, live in the open air all the year. All the encyclopedias agree that these people belong to the dangerous classes. Their own opinion of themselves may be inferred from the following song in their language given by Chambers:

"Poraquel luchipen abajo
Abillela un halichoro,

Abillela goli go'i

Ustilame Caloro."

"There rans a swine down yonder hill
As fast as e'er he can,
And as he rans he crieth still
'Come steal me, gipsy man.'"

In this play I have endeavored to keep up the action, even at the expense of the dialogue. My characters will talk as men and women do talk. For the ordinary situations of daily life blank verse will be studiously avoided. Instead of saying, 'How doth your noble excellency on this sun-gilded and propitious morn?' Mr. Duvois will simply say to Mr. Godfrey: "How are you, old boy; I'm right glad to see you." With kindly regard to unknown stage carpenters, care has been taken to avoid asking them to perform impossibilities; and it is believed that both audience and supernumeraries will be spared the unpleasant spectacle, and the arduous labor, of dragging off furniture between the scenes. It is hoped and believed that while the several parts will afford scope for the exercise of strong dramatic talent, yet they will not require the conjoined efforts of all the kings and queens of the stage, but that within the resources of the Home Dramatic Association can be found abundant strength for presentation in a manner which shall realize the ideals of the author; and with these remarks I will introduce my characters to what I fondly hope may be your favorable acquaintance.

During the reading, which occupied one hour and twenty minutes, the applause was frequent, and at the close the author was enthusiastically called before the curtain. The notices of the press must have been gratifying to him, as they have all been kindly, and in most cases highly flattering. It is understood that Mr. Hill will offer his play to the metropolitan managers.

RANS ROMANY,

PERSONS REPRESENTED:

MR. DUBOIS—A retired New York merchant, residing on Orange mountain.
MR. GODFREY—A prominent Newark manufacturer, and the friend of Mr. Dubois.
RANS ROMANY—A young mechanic, and Mr. Godfrey's foreman.
PHIL CARROL—Romany's friend.
BIG JIM—A Gipsy Chief.
JAKE—A Gipsy.
SOGGY—A Gipsy, and coachman of Mr. Dubois.
DR. ALEXANDER—A physician.
CAPT. WILEY—Chief of Detectives.
LUCY—Daughter of Mr. Dubois.
MRS. LAWRENCE—Housekeeper to Mr. Dubois.
DINAH—Colored servant in the household of Mr. Dubois, addicted to Jubilee songs.
BIG MOLL—A Gipsy. Big Jim's wife, and maid of all work at the Dubois mansion.
Robbers, detectives, etc

ACT I.

SCENE I.—[Mr. Dubois' library. Mr. Dubois seated at table reading letters.]

Mr. D.—[Pulls bell rope and scans a subscription.]

Ah! this is from Godfrey, probably explaining why he has not been up this week. What a beautiful business hand Godfrey does write. Handwriting don't prove very much, but it's a good sign. [Opens the letter.] What! what! Only a letter to Lucy, enclosed without remark! [Examines Lucy's letter.] Unsealed! therefore he means that I shall read it, and deliver if its contents meet my approval. Ha, ha, ha, ha! Anybody might easily see what all this means. He is attracted by Lucy's loveliness, and well might any man be. So like—so like ner dear dead mother. [Opens Lucy's letter and reads aloud.]

MY DEAR MISS DUBOIS:

As I am a business man, I take this method of saying to you by letter, instead of in the usual way, what you must have already surmised—that my regard for you has augmented daily since our acquaintance began, and that I offer you my hand in marriage, sincerely hoping that the same may be accepted.

Yours respectfully and very truly,
PETER GODFREY.

How beautiful! How respectful! How delicately managed! Well, this is indeed a pleasure; and not altogether unexpected. Godfrey's a splendid fellow—good looking, well established in business, rich enough, habits formed, young enough—yes, plenty young enough. The very man of all my

acquaintance whom I would have selected for my son-in-law. Yes, Godfrey, you shall have the young thing's first love, with my heartiest consent. [Rings again] The thought of having the dear girl so settled in life rejoices me beyond expression. If her mother were still living, a little delay would probably be advisable; but as it is, the sooner the wedding takes place the better. Ha, ha, ha! Won't it be fun to be my old friend's father!

DINAH [singing, off the stage.]

"Roll Jordan roll,

Roll Jordan roll,

I want to go to Heaven when I die;

T' hear Jordan roll."

[Enters.]

It's heah, Massa Dubois.

Mr. D.—Dinah, you must answer the bell more promptly. This is the second time I have had to ring.

DINAH—Is dat so, Massa Dubois? Well well! dat's too bad. You see I was out by de stable, and de coachman says to tell you, Massa Dubois, dat de horse is saddled and ready down at de front gate. Golly, ain't dat a nice hoss! He walked all de way down from de stable on his hind legs, makin' gestures with his hands. Heyah! heyah! heyah! jest like our preacher. You better stick on mighty tight, Massa Dubois, onto dat horse, or you'll—

Mr. D.—Silence!

DINAH [sotto voce] "Roll Jordan roll."

Mr. D.—Where is Miss Lucy?

DINAH—She's up on de balcony, feedin' de canaries.

Mr. D.—Is she alone?

DINAH—Yes, Massa Dubois.

Mr. D.—Hand this letter to her, and then say to Mrs. Lawrence that I am going out for a short ride, and shall be back in time for dinner.

DINAH—Yess, Massa Dubois. "Roll Jordan Roll." [Exit.]

Mr. D.—Now I will answer Godfrey's letter. [Writes and reads aloud.]

MY DEAR GODFREY:

Yours received with its enclosure, which meeting my heartiest approval, has been delivered. We shall leave on Saturday for Lake Hopatcong, where we intend to remain one week. Come up sav, on Wednesday, and meet us there. I will not say more than that your presence will be a pleasure to all of us. Mrs. Lawrence, our housekeeper, will accompany Lucy, and I shall not mention to either of the ladies that I expect you.

As ever, yours truly,

JOHN DUBOIS,

There! that's what I call a discreet letter. Even if it should be miscarried, it does not betray the secret of Lucy's engagement; and bringing the lovers together at the lake is a brilliant stroke of diplomacy. [Draws on his gloves.] There the turtle doves can coo to their heart's content. Now I will ride down to Orange and mail this; then take a short turn in the park. [Looks at his watch.] Yes, I have plenty of time. How venerable I shall feel with a married daughter, and a son-in-law forty years old. Grandfather Dubois! Ha, ha, ha, ha ha! [Exit.]

SCENE II.—[The back road. Dense forest, with one large tree near roadside.]

Enter Gipsy Jake.

[Removes bark on the tree and discovers a message.]

JAKE—Ho! ho! What's this? The old password of ten years ago! Big Jim's out o' Jail! Hello! here's writin' on th' other side. [Reads.] "Wait here for me, if it's all day and all night."

[Enter Big Jim. They recognize each other slowly.]

JIM—Well, what's to say? Post me quick 'bout things.

JAKE—How did ye get out?

JIM—Don't ask me no questions; answer mine. Never you mind where I've been, or how long. I'm here now, and that's enough. Where's Moll? Where the camp? Come, hurry up! [Raises his stick.]

JAKE—We ain't got no camp yet this year. Moll's at the big house on the front road. Hired out for all work.

JIM—Any the rest of our folks there?

JAKE—Yes, Soggy.

JIM—What a doin'?

JAKE—Coachman.

JIM—How long a' they been there!

JAKE—'Bout a month.

JIM—That boy ever turned up?

JAKE—What boy?

JIM—Why, my boy that run away from camp at the lake.

JAKE—He never run away. He was drowned.

JIM—A boy o' mine drowned! What are ye talkin' about? Ye might as well try to drown a musk rat. No, no; that boy ain't in the bottom of no lake. He'll be on top allers, and he'll come back sometime to take command. Don't ye know the little brat made the boat himself what he went away in? Talk about your patent locks! No lock 'll ever keep that boy out of a warehouse or a bank. Poor little Rans! I never quite got over his goin'

away, but the little cus'll turn up again, sure. [Listens.] You ain't no gipsy, you loafin' tramp! Don't you hear that horse a-comin'? [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—[Balcony of the Dubois mansion; moonlight; Orange Valley, Bergen Heights, etc., in the distance. Full moon over the house. Lucy Dubois discovered standing, with a letter in her hand].

LUCY—O, how beautiful! What a flood of light the moon sends down. It fills the valley like a golden sea; it gilds the smoke of Newark's factories like a sunset; Staten Island swims in it, a purple paradise; but it cannot quench the bright Aurora with which the lamps of the great city fringe the heights of Bergen, nor the twinkling stars which gleam among the foliage of the valley, marking the homes of so many dear, good friends. How the odors of the flowers steal upon my senses. Well may my father say that in all the Orient there is not the peer of Orange Valley!

And in all the world no girl has so good a father as I.

And yet I am so unhappy! Oh, my mother! If the spirits of the departed can indeed return and be invisibly near to those they love—be near me now in my unhappiness.

How strange this world is! [Looks at the letter.] But yesterday I could greet my father's friend with all my father's warmth; and now, when he tells me that he loves me and wants me to be his wife, I shudder at his very name.

[Enter Mrs. Lawrence.]

Mrs. L.—Why my dear Lucy, you are very imprudent to be thus exposing yourself to the night air. These charming nights are very deceptive. Believe me, chills are lurking in these innocent moonbeams. [Places a shawl upon her shoulders.]

LUCY—Thank you, Mrs. Lawrence. It is true that the moonbeams are deceptive; and what is not, in this strange world, unless indeed it be clouds and tears!

Mrs. L.—You are melancholy, my child. Why so sad? you who have everything to make you happy.

LUCY—It is a sudden impulse, Mrs. Lawrence, but with your kind permission, I would so like to make a confidante of you, in a matter respecting which I wonder I do not feel greater embarrassment.

Mrs. L.—Most assuredly, my dear Lucy; I shall be most happy to be the recipient of your confidence, especially if I can be of

any service to one whom I regard so dearly. **LUOY**—Well, then, will you please read this letter? [Hands her Mr. Godfrey's letter.] Stand here in the moonlight. Is it not like a day?

[Mrs. L. reads the letter in silence.]

MRS. L.—This affair, my dear, is one of the greatest importance. No offer could well be more eligible. My judgment bids me to heartily congratulate you. Mr. Godfrey is a gentleman in every sense. That he is prosperous in business we all know. He is your father's warmest friend. That he will be a good and loving husband and give you always a good home, I am almost certain. To be entirely frank with you, I will say that I regard this offer as a very eligible one indeed; [Lucy sighs] if your heart is not already involved in some other direction, and I think I should have divined it if so.

LUOY—But it is, Mrs. Lawrence! No, it is not! O what shall I do? O, Mrs. Lawrence, you must be my mother in this affair, and I will tell you all.

MRS. L.—Certainly, my dear girl; keep nothing back. I have been inexpressibly grateful to you all for making no inquiries as to my past life, but I will merit your confidence now by giving you mine. I was a mother once, but my beautiful babe was not permitted to live. My heart went with it into the grave. It was a great grief, but a greater pushed it aside, for news came that I should never see my husband again on earth. Then instantly my hair turned white! So, darling, you will perceive that your adviser and confessor knows something experimentally of the heart's secrets. Tell me all, dear, and you shall have my best counsel and advice.

LUOY—I hardly know how to begin, Mrs. Lawrence, but—

MRS. L.—Go on, my dear.

LUOY—Well, now don't call me a foolish thing.

MRS. L.—Indeed, my child, you will almost tempt me to do so if you do not go on with your story.

LUOY—Well, When I was at Long Branch last year, a child was caught in the surf—a beautiful, golden-haired child. The father, a New York gentleman, called frantically upon the bathers to save it. No one dared move, and the great sea carried its prize slowly off. Suddenly there was a movement in the crowd. A young man leaped down the bluff. He flashed across the intervening beach, and plunging through the surf, reached the child. Holding it aloft with one strong arm, with the other

he buffeted the bold robber. Slowly he neared the shore, then a returning wave hurled him back. Once, twice, thrice it was repeated; then a cry of horror rose upon the air, as above the glassy water, beyond the outer line of breakers, the dorsal fin of a great shark was seen moving slowly towards him. A cumulative wave pushed him landward. He disappeared as it broke around and over him, but touching the sand with his feet, he strode majestically ashore, holding the child aloft; and the shark shook his tail angrily as he plunged sullenly back into the sea. The crowd were electrified! They caught up my hero and bore him off in triumph. The father followed, vainly attempting to reward him. O, Mrs. Lawrence, he was beautiful! I know you will say I am a poor, weak, foolish girl, but that unknown young man has haunted me ever since, with his great black eyes. He comes to me in my dreams! I know not who he is; I shall never see him again. But he is my ideal. I shall never be his, but I can never, never be another's.

MRS. L. [after a long pause].—I cannot give you my advice to-night, Lucy, but I will think of the matter. Meanwhile do nothing rashly. Mr. Godfrey will not expect an immediate answer, and the respectful delicacy of his proposal is most complimentary to you. Come, let us go in. The air is chilly, and it is time for us all to retire. [Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—[Lake Hopatcong. Rans Romany and Phil Carrol encamping on the shore.]

PHIL—Rans, you're a trump! I never saw such a fellow. You always know just what to do and just how to do it! Even in the matter of pleasure seeking your head is always level. When other fellows would stay in town, spending their money in worse than foolishness, you put off to the seashore or the mountains, and for half the expense have a thousand times more sport; and here you are, only twenty-one, and made foreman over men old enough to be your grandfather. Just look at this camp. In this sunrise light it seems to me the most lovely spot on earth. How did you know about this tree? How did you come straight here?

RANS—I have known this tree for many years. You give me too much credit, Phil. There is certainly no great wisdom in selecting this method of spending a few days, as compared with those you have men

tioned. Every man to his taste, and if our tastes were not alike I suppose we wouldn't be friends and be here together.

PHIL—Yes, I suppose that's so. I say, Rans, next year I shall be of age, and as my father has plenty of money, I've been thinking that you and I might go together in business and open a shop. What do you say?

RANS—O well, Phil, I would like to be in business with you, of course, better than with any one I know; but I'm doing very well where I am. Five dollars a day, with an occasional vacation, isn't bad for a young fellow with no one but himself to support. Do you know, Phil, I'd rather be a mechanic than a clerk in the best establishment in the city. Besides, they say those clerks have to give cords of references.

PHIL—Well, I suppose it's easy enough for any honest man to give good references.

RANS—I don't know about that. I trust that I'm an honest man; in fact I know I am; but to tell you the truth, Phil, it would bother me to give the references necessary for a clerkship in any kind of a store.

PHIL—Your surprise me, Rans, and while I don't want to be inquisitive, I would like to know your history; that is, such portions of it as you wish to speak of.

RANS [aside—Yes, here it is again. My infernal antecedents rising in my pathway like a ghost, to impede my progress.] Phil, you and I are friends. You have intimated to day what I have never dreamed of. With your money, and the knowledge we could both bring to the business, we could do more and better work than most of the shops. But it can never be. You would be entitled to know what I never could tell, even to you.

PHIL—Rans Romany, you say that you are an honest man. Let me add that I know it, too. You are over sensitive upon some point, and my advice to you is that you tell me, your best friend, what this secret of yours is. I'll warrant it amounts to nothing.

RANS—You speak so kindly and sincerely, Phil, that I'm half inclined to tell you what no living soul but you could have wormed out of me.

PHIL—"Wormed out!" Rans!

RANS—Forgive me, Phil; I didn't mean that, upon my word, and after what I have said, I see plainly that I must go on and say more, or you will imagine things even worse than they are. It is confidential?

PHIL—Of course, of course; strictly so.

RANS—Well then, Phil Carrol, you are associating with and for two years have been the bosom friend of a gipsy. I'll make a clean breast of everything. That's how I knew this tree. My father and mother camped here many years ago. When I once see a place I never forget it. My father was a nice man! You should have seen him! He was a beauty! Upon my word he was the worst looking villain I ever saw. He was sent to State Prison for horse stealing about ten years ago. But the most charming and delectable creature was my mother! I suppose there's where I get my fair complexion, for she was as black as an Indian. Enough to say that she's a New York sneak thief, and only plays gipsy in the summer. I ran away from them eleven years ago, and deserted from this very spot. I was only ten years old, but I made a bark canoe and paddled across the lake; then I pushed straight on through the woods, and travelled till I came to what seemed to me a great city, which proved to be Newark. Then I went from shop to shop asking for work, till I was engaged in the foundry of Peter Godfrey. I presume that the fear of being caught by my parents caused me to be industrious, but a natural mechanical ability was also of service, and Peter Godfrey is the best man on earth to work for. So I have been promoted from bench to bench, till I am foreman of the whole establishment. I have no fear of being discovered now. I should know them, but they would not know me, changed as I am, and if they should, I'm of age now and my own master. "How dost thou like like the picture?" as the man said whom I saw in the play.

PHIL—Well, Rans, what of all this? You can't be blamed for the acts of others. It's a new proposition to my mind, but if a man is to be rejected because his parents were bad, then it follows that another should be accepted and trusted because his parents were good, and everybody knows that isn't so. You and I both know young fellows who are beneath contempt, whose fathers are the best men in society. "It's a poor rule that don't work both ways;" so here's my hand. I think none the less of you, but all the more, for being what you are under the circumstances.

RANS—Don't deceive yourself, Phil. When you're older you'll change your mind. Your father would think you were a fool to trust a man with my antecedents. You know the saying about chips of the old block? Well, I'm a chip of the old block.

in many respects. See how I love boating and fishing, camping out, living in the woods; see how few confidential friends I have; how different I am from most people. I often think I'm two-thirds Indian.

PHIL—Rans, my father is a sensible man, and he could not fail to declare with me that the course you have pursued stamps you indelibly as an honest man; and all the more so because you have been honest under the greatest difficulties.

RANS—No, no, Phil; stop. I appreciate your kindnes, but there would be moments of doubt, and less than absolute confidence is absolute distrust. I am doomed to obscurity, and let it go. You may think me deficient in what the world calls natural affection; but cubs generally are. I'm a cub—that's all, and they treated me like a cub. It was a personal question with me, and I deliberately concluded that if my parents were vagabonds and thieves, they had no claim upon me, and I was not bound to them by any legal or moral obligations; so now lets change the subject.

Look, Phil! look! where the sun strikes that forest across the lake. How the colors blend like the colors of a rainbow! See that yellow oak and that red maple! How they contrast with that dark green hemlock alongside! 'Tis October! October! The pleasantest month of all the year. The sun is warm, but not too warm. The equinoctial gales and storms are over. The squirrels are busy getting in their harvest of nuts, and if the orchards and fields are bare, it is the barrenness of fruition and not of sterility. The thickest stubble tells the tale of fertility as plainly as did the standing grain. The grain said "See here," but the stubble points to the garner.

PHIL—Rans, I swear to you everlasting fidelity. I never thought one half so much of you as I do to-day. Suppose we get our tackle ready and go out upon the lake.

RANS—Yes, by all means, for you know I promised Mr. Godfrey I would be back to-night. [They busy themselves with their tackle as the scene changes.]

SCENE II.—[The back road; same as second scene first act]

[Enter Big Jim; examines secret recess in the tree; finds no message.]

JIM—Things ain't as they used to be. Then there'd 'a been news here 'bout 'suthin'. But I'll straighten 'em out, or I'll clean out this crowd and reorganize.

[Enter Big Moll.]

MOLL—Why, Jim! Is that ye? O,

murder! murder! 'Ow gray ye are a git tin'!

JIM—Look a' 'ere. I'm rather sensitive 'bout this 'air o' mine, I am. Don't ye think I wear it ruther short for the fashion? But now I take a good look at ye, you're a growin' beautiful in your old age. Them eyes is werry expressive. The whole mug is werry hard to beat.

MOLL—See 'ere, Jim, none o' this, or back ye go. If ye rough it on me one bit, you know werry well I can give ye another ten years as easy as turn my hand over.

JIM—[advancing towards her, menacingly] Ye know so much, too. You're werry intelligent. Ye know ruther too much.

MOLL—Don't ye lay yer hand on me, Jim. I know this country roundabouts better'n you do now. Times is changed from what they was.

JIM—Why, Moll, I jest wanted to kiss ye.

MOLL—Did ye, true?

JIM—In course I did, my darlint. [They embrace each other, and Moll weeps.] Come, there now, no more slobberin' Business, business.

MOLL—When I heard ye was out I says, "I'll go myself and see him; then things'll go right." They're all gone to the lake.

JIM—And the coast is clear?

MOLL—The coast is allus clear where I am; but don't do a thing till they get back; that's next week. Then the master's watch and pocket book and the ladies' jewelry will be in the swag; and don't ye see; too, it won't do to have the thing take place while they're gone. They'd lay it to me, sure, but if we wait till they get back, then they'll say: "Moll never done it; she'd a did it while we was gone." Don't ye see?

JIM [aside]—She allers did know a heap more'n me. That boy got his brains from her.] Of course! What d'ye take me for? Now hark! These is the orders. I'll go to the lake and pipe 'em. When I see 'em start for home, I'll get on the same train and run right through to New York for Cockeye and Banty. That day Jake 'll come to the kitchen door and ask you for suthin' to eat. He'll be a tramp, and he won't know you no r Soggy. He'll jest say to you, "Big Jim'll be here to-night," and arterwards you can tell Soggy, and he must leave his dark lantern ready. We'll be there that night at ten o'clock; d'ye understand?

MOLL—Yes, that'll work.

JIM—I thought so. The old man's on-

deck yet. Now git, and I'll go t' the lake.
[Exeunt, one R, one L.]

SCENE III.—[In front of hotel at the lake. Mrs. Lawrence and Lucy seen at the parlor window. Dinah sitting outside, under the window.]

DINAH—[Sings.]

“Go down Moses,
Way down in Egypt's land,
Tell ole—
Pharaoh—
Let my people go;
Tell ole—
Pharaoh—
Let my people go.”

[The ladies express amusement in pantomime.]

O goodness golly! Ain't dis nice place!
but den

“I want to go to Heav'n when I die,
T' hear Jordan roll.”

Lake Packatongo's nice, but I reckon
Jordan's a heap nicer, coz Jordan roll bet-
ter. [Sings.]

“Roll Jordan roll,
Roll Jordan roll.”

Guess more fishes dere, too. Guess dem
fishes bigger, too. Guess dem dem two lit-
tle fishes our ole preacher tole about when
dey had dem five loaves o' bread, get
aground in dis yere lake. But course
can't expeck dese yere little ponds to be as
big as de ribber JorCan.

I want to go to Heaven when I die,
T' hear Jordan roll.”

Oh! goodness, gracious golly! if dere
don't come Mr. Godfrey.

[Enter Mr. Godfrey, L, with valise and linen
duster. Enter Rans and Phil, R, with valises
and fishing baskets.]

[The ladies disappear from the window, and
a scream is heard.]

DINAH—O, goodness gracious! O, gra-
cious goodness! What is de matter wid
Miss Lucy? [Exit into hotel.]

MR. GODFREY [aside—I see, I see. Miss
Dubois has been overcome with emotion at
seeing me here unexpectedly. Well, I don't
know as there's any use in being excited.
Her father and the housekeeper are with
her. I can do nothing but be in the way.
I will quietly register my name at the
office, and then send up my card.] Why,
boys, how d'y'e do?

RANS & PHIL—How do you do, Mr.
Godfrey?

MR. G.—Well; what luck? Had a good
time?

RANS—First rate, Mr. Godfrey. We're
just starting for home, and I suppose we've
no time to lose.

MR. G.—[Looks at his watch.] O yes,
you have fully five minutes to spare.

RANS—You musn't get us left, Mr. God-
frey. Our boat and tent are in charge of
a farmer across the lake. Let me write in
your memorandum book an order to deliver
them to you.

MR. G.—Thanks, Rans, thanks! But I
shal' not do any fishing. I have just come
up for (ahem!) for a little rest and recrea-
tion. I shall spe d my time principally at
the hotel.

RANS—I understand that fish are very
scarce at the hotel, but we've had elegant
luck; fact is, we know just where to go,
where the sockdologers lie, in deep water.
Look in here. [Opens basket.]

MR. G.—Splendid! Splendid!

RANS—We have two baskets full, and
you must take one.

MR. G.—Can you spare them as well as
not?

RANS—Certainly, my dear sir, certainly

MR. G.—I am exceedingly obliged.

PHIL [aside]—How that magnificent fel-
low does fascinate everybody I must warn
my sister Mary. I'm sorry, sorry, sorry,
sorry he's a Gipsy.

RANS—Come, Phil; we must be going
now. Good-bye, Mr. Godfrey.

MR. G.—Good-bye, boys, take care of
yourselves. Keep things straight, Rans,
and tell the bookkeeper that I'll be back
Monday morning.

ALL—Good-bye!

[Exeunt Rans and Phil, L; Mr. Godfrey
into hotel, the landlord meeting him at the
door.]

[Enter Big Jim, R; walks slowly across
the stage; looks after Rans and Phil; re-
turns and examines house closely, and exit
R.]

SCENE IV.—[Hotel parlor, Mr. Du-
bois on sofa, reading New York papers;
Lucy at piano; sings, making her own se-
lections, or omit the singing; waiter delivers
a card.]

MR. D.—Hello! Why, Godfrey's here.
[Lucy starts.] Tell the gentleman we shall
be happy to see him here at once. [Exit
waiter.]

LUCKY—Oh, father! I cannot, I can-
not!

MR. D.—Don't be excited, my child.
There will be abundant time for the discus-
sion of this affair in all its bearings. I
trust you will, for my sake, at least meet
Mr. Godfrey with cordiality.

Lucy—Certainly father, I shall not fail to do so.

[Enter Mr. Godfrey.]

Mr. D.—Why, Godfrey, my dear fellow, how are you? When did you arrive at the lake?

Mr. G.—Only a few moments ago. But how is this? [Advances and takes Lucy's hand.] I was informed that you had fainted, but I find you as fresh and blooming as ever. This is a welcome delivery from a painful solicitude.

Lucy—Thank you, Mr. Godfrey. I am quite well, but Mrs. Lawrence is suffering from vertigo or something of the sort. She is better, however, and will soon be with us, no doubt. It was but a slight attack.

Mr. G.—I am very glad that no serious misfortune has occurred to mar your pleasure.

Mr. D.—Your presence here is certainly an exceedingly pleasant coincidence. Do you visit the lake often?

Mr. G.—O yes; it has been a favorite resort with me for many years, and I am delighted to meet you here on this occasion. It will add very much to the pleasure of my visit.

Lucy—Pray excuse me, Mr. Godfrey, for a moment, as Mrs. Lawrence may require my attention. [Exit.]

Mr. D.—I believe our harmless little ruse has not involved any real equivocation?

Mr. G.—Ha, ha, ha! I trust not, Mr. Dubois. I think we have both been quite guarded in our language.

Mr. D.—Ahem! Your arrival to-day is an indication that you received my letter acknowledging the receipt of yours to Lucy.

Mr. G.—Yes, sir; and permit me at once to thank you for the sentiments you were pleased to express; also to ask how my proposal was received on the part of Miss Dubois.

Mr. D.—Well, ahem! Lucy received it very kindly, and told me that she had the highest respect for you, but your letter was such a complete surprise, that she required (ahem!) a little time for reflection. I will be perfectly frank with you. I told her that the proposal was one which was entirely agreeable to me, and one which I thought she could safely accept. I know that her affections cannot be enlisted in any other direction. So, Godfrey, court her to your heart's content, and I wish you every success.

Mr. G.—I thank you most sincerely, Mr. Dubois. I am not skilled in such matters.

I am, as you know, a business man, sir; merely a business man.

Mr. D.—Now Godfrey, no self depreciation. If there is one character which I respect and admire above all others, it is that of an honorable, high-toned, first class business man, and such I consider you.

Mr. G.—Thanks, Mr. Dubois; thanks. I shall hope and strive to retain your good opinion. Does the position Mrs. Lawrence occupies in your family warrant me in supposing that she enjoys Miss Lucy's confidence?

Mr. D.—I think it does. You of course have observed that she is a very superior person.

Mr. G.—I confess she has impressed me very favorably. What is her history?

Mr. D.—That we have never known. She was thoroughly vouched for by the Bishop and a number of very prominent families, and finding that any allusion to the past was painful to her, we have studiously avoided it. I only know that she has been a widow for several years, and that she has from some source a small but regular income.

Mr. G.—Do you think it would be wise for me to enlist her good services in this affair of mine?

Mr. D.—Capital idea! Do it, Godfrey, by all means. Ha! here she comes now. I'll give you a clear field.

[Enter Mrs. Lawrence.]

Mr. G. [advancing and extending his hand, which she takes.]—Allow me to congratulate you, madam, upon your rapid recovery.

Mrs. L.—Thank you, Mr. Godfrey. It was but a slight syncope, from which I am entirely recovered.

Mr. D.—We are all as heartily rejoiced as we were seriously alarmed; and now will you please excuse me, as I have some arrangements to make. [Exit Mr. Dubois.]

Mr. G.—I presume you cannot be ignorant of the fact, Mrs. Lawrence, that I have made your young friend, Miss Dubois, an offer of marriage?

Mrs. L. [after a pause]—I half surmised as much, Mr. Godfrey.

Mr. G.—Well, it is so, Mrs. Lawrence, and having the highest confidence in your good judgment and discretion, I have concluded to ask your candid opinion upon the subject.

Mrs. L.—I am very proud, sir, to be considered worthy of your confidence, and shall be happy to render you or our young friend, any assistance in my power. Let

me see, Mr. Godfrey, I really forget your age?

Mr. G. [considerably embarrassed]—I am forty-five.

Mrs. L.—Indeed! I certainly should not have supposed it. Well, twenty-five years difference is not so much as it might be. I have heard of happy marriages where the discrepancy was even greater.

Mr. G.—Well, Mrs. Lawrence, we will talk further about this matter before I return.

Mrs. L.—With pleasure, Mr. Godfrey. I think I possibly may be different from most women, but I confess I shall rather enjoy this mutual confidence. [Exit Mrs. Lawrence and enter Mr. Dubois.]

Mr. G.—That's a very handsome woman.

Mr. D.—I think so, too. Her gray hair is very becoming. How few women are sensible enough to let their hair alone when it turns. Bah! Gray hair is magnificent when a woman's face and figure are youthful.

Mr. G.—How old do you suppose she is?

Mr. D.—Not over thirty-nine or forty.

Mr. G.—Indeed!

[Enter Mrs. Lawrence and Lucy, and all take seats.]

Mr. G.—Well, ladies, we are favored with beautiful weather, but I am told that fish are far from plenty this fall, and it requires great skill to capture them.

Mrs. L.—I have always wondered why you gentlemen of mechanical instincts and attainments have not invented some more skilful method for outwitting the denizens of the deep.

Mr. D.—True. For 2,000 years there has been no improvement. The seine remains the most perfect appliance, and never a draught yet has exceeded that of Gennesaret.

Lucy.—For my part, I'm glad enough that men can't get them. I think it's just as bad for men to catch fish as it would be for fish to catch men.

Mrs. L.—The fish began it. There is no account of any whaling voyage till long after Jonah's time.

[General chorus of laughter.]

Mr. G.—At all events, we are fortunate. My foreman has been here several days, enjoying his vacation, and meeting him upon my arrival, he pressed upon me a basket of the finest pickerel I have ever seen; so our table will be supplied with fish diet, however it may be with the other guests. And by the by, I must tell you about that young fellow. In the first place, he is the best

looking fellow I ever saw—tall, swarthy, with an eye like an eagle's; he looks like a natural born king; and for ability, although he is only twenty-one, I have no man in my establishment that can at all equal him. I have made him foreman over them all, and there are at the present time some three hundred, very many of them gray-haired; but they accept his promotion gracefully, and are all as proud of him as I am. I believe he is the youngest foreman in the country.

Mr. D.—It is certainly a remarkable case. I should be almost afraid to place such important trusts in the hands of so young a person. What are his antecedents?

Mr. G.—It is a romantic story. He came to me some eleven years ago, from the street, asking for work. I was attracted by his bright eye and handsome face, and sent him to the foundry. Presently he was discharged by the Superintendent. Something led me to inquire into the particulars, and I found that his offence consisted of an improvement which he had made, and which the Superintendent desired to claim for himself. I at once promoted him and discharged his accuser, and from that day to this his life has been a continual succession of mechanical triumphs. While all the rest, including myself, were running in old ruts, that boy was forever suggesting ideas to save shafting, or pulleys, or belting, or to increase speed and save power. His ingenuity has saved me thousands of dollars. One day the owners of an ocean steamer came to me to say that their vessel, advertised to sail in one week, had broken her main shaft short off in turning over her wheels at the wharf.

Mr. D.—How could that be?

Mr. G.—Why, very easily. The strain is much greater with a vessel made fast, than when she is free to move; besides, an old flaw that had been strained and strained at sea, I suppose at last pined in port. At all events, it broke, and the greatest secrecy had to be observed. Hence a Newark rather than a New York firm was consulted. The young man was then eighteen years old, and as he happened to be passing through the office; and I didn't know what to do, I said to him: "Wait, look at this." He at once said: "That can be fixed. Of course she must have a new shaft, but she can make a trip or two, if it is important." He took a pencil and made a hasty drawing, which I at once saw was practicable, and we locked up the engine

room while we mended the shaft. That steamer made four trips before she was withdrawn for the putting in of a new one. But excuse me, ladies, we are talking rather too much about machinery for your taste, I fear.

Mrs. L.—Go on, go on. I for one am intently interested.

LUCY—And I, too, am enjoying hugely your graphic account of your Apollo—your Vulcan—your Tubal Cain.

MR. D.—How did you fix it?

MR. G.—We cut grooves in the shaft, one inch deep, four inches wide and three feet long. We made six of these, and laid in keys four inches square and the full length of the grooves. We held the keys to their places by three wide bands of iron, with flanges thoroughly bolted on.

MR. D.—Yes, I see; I see.

MR. G.—Why, I really believe that shaft was stronger than ever; but if it had been known, nobody would have gone on the steamer. It saved about ten thousand dollars. I received liberal pay for that job and of course made him a handsome present.

MR. D.—Certainly a very remarkable young man.

MR. G.—Once we were short of power and I was about to throw out our engine—you know the one we now use, Mr. Dubois—and put in one of greater capacity. The change would have cost me about six thousand dollars. "Increase her speed," said he, "and you will gain fifty-horse power," and I found it to be true. We increased the number of revolutions per minute 50 per cent., and we got 50 per cent increase of power. Since then all the principal engine builders have adopted the same system.

MR. D.—I have noticed that we never see slow moving engines now a-days, unless they are very old. But would not this change you speak of, alter the speeds all through your establishment?

MR. G.—not at all; he simply changed the pulley on the main shaft, and put on one of the right diameter.

MR. D.—I see, I see.

MR. G.—We had power enough all the time, only we had not utilized it. Oh, I could go on for an hour! I consider him one of the foremost mechanics of the age, young as he is, and I predict that he will rise to distinction among the eminent engineers, perhaps rivaling Watt, Arkwright or Fulton.

Mrs. L.—You will think it, perhaps, a queer remark for a lady to make; but, gentlemen, neither statesmen, warriors, philosophers, poets, authors or artists, have ever awakened the enthusiasm in my mind, which is aroused by the mention of the great inventors.

MR. D.—That hydraulic ram, Godfrey, which I had put in last year, to force the water up the mountain to my house, is perfectly worthless. I think you had better send that young man up on your return, to look at it.

MR. G.—All right, Mr. Dubois; I'll do so. [Makes a memorandum in his book.]

MR. G.—We shall return early in the week; let him come up next Wednesday.

MR. G.—I will not forget it, and he'll send the water spinning up the hill, if it can be done.

[Landlord announces dinner. Gentlemen give their arms to the ladies. Gong sounds as curtain falls.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—[The Dubois mansion. Carriage gate open. Soggy at work near stable door.]

[Enter Rans.]

RANS—I wish to see Mr. Dubois.

SOGGY—What d'ye want?

RANS—I wish to see Mr. Dubois.

SOGGY—He's not at home, sir.

RANS—When will he be at home?

SOGGY—I'm gittin' ready to go to the depot for 'em now, sir.

RANS—I have come to examine the water works. Where is the spring?

SOGGY—Down yonder at the foot of the hill, sir.

RANS—Show me where the water comes in.

SOGGY—What, from that spring, sir?

RANS—Yes.

SOGGY—It don't come in nowhere, not enough to water a fly. The pipes is in the stable; right in this way, sir. [Both enter stable.]

[Jake passes out from behind house and goes down the road, as a tramp.]

[Moll comes from behind the house to stable door.]

MOLL—Big Jim'll be here to night at 10 o'clock. Jake was just here. [Returns.]

[Enter Rans, from stable, making memorandum in his book, but watching Moll.]

MOLL—Chickee, click, chickee! chickee click, click, chickee! Come chickee, come chickee! [Exit.]

SOGGY [making much noise in stable]—Whoa there! Stand around! Whoa, I

say!

RANS [advancing towards footlights]—Merciful Heaven! My mother! My father's term of imprisonment expired, and they are to rob this house to-night! The coachman one of the gang! "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land," Then I am flying in the face of Heaven if I prevent this robbery! Then it is wrong to do right! No, that cannot be! Stop!—"That thy days may be long in the land." Why yes! that's the penalty. If these two roads are to be forever placed before me to perplex my mind and drive me mad; if I am to find my life forever running parallel with this vile gang, let my days not be long in the land! Welcome death, and the sooner the better! I will not honor the man and the woman who dishonor me, and themselves, and humanity, and God, let the penalty be what it may! It will be a desperate business, but what of that? What have I to live for? This gentleman is Mr. Godfrey's friend. I will return Mr. Godfrey's goodness to me by defending his friend, or die in the attempt. Ah! that must be the man Jake, going down the road. I'll capture him. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—[Police station,]

[Enter Captain Wiley; sounds a gong bell.]

[Officer enters and salutes.]

CAPT.—I have just heard that the big gipsy's time is up, and that he has been seen on the railroad.

OFFICER—The one sent up about ten years ago for stealing those horses?

CAPT.—Yes. He's a desperate fellow, and will be worse than ever. He'll be quite likely to operate on his old ground, and make his headquarters at the New York den in Water street. Let a good man be detailed to watch him and do nothing else till further orders.

OFFICER—It shall be attended to, sir.

CAPT.—Has any record been kept of the movements of his wife—Moll, I think they call her?

OFFICER—Yes, sir; she was seen lately in Orange

CAPT.—We'll have business enough soon. Since that fellow's conviction the gipsies have been scarce around here. They'll be back now, you'll find

[Enter Rans and policeman, with Jake in irons.]

RANS—You don't know me, Captain Wiley, but everybody knows you. I am Mr. Peter Godfrey's for man. I wish a

private interview, without delay.

CAPT.—In connection with this arrest?

RANS—Yes, sir.

CAPT.—Officers, remove the prisoner to another room. [Exit officers with Jake.]

RANS—Being sent to the mansion of Mr. Dubois on Orange mountain this morning, to examine the water works, I accidentally discovered that a gang of gipsies intend to rob that house to-night. Part of the gang are in the employ of Mr. Dubois, and the man just brought in was the messenger who came to notify them. I followed him after he left and took him prisoner. The others are not aware of his capture. If he can be favored he will tell all he knows.

[Capt. sounds bell. Officer enters and salutes.]

CAPT.—Bring in the prisoner.

[Enter officers, with Jake.]

CAPT.—Officers, you may retire. [Exit officers.]

CAPT.—What's your name?

JAKE—If I'll tell everything will ye let me off?

CAPT.—Yes.

JAKE—They call me "Jake." Big Jim, the gipsy, with two pals from New York, are going to rob the house on Orange mountain to-night. Big Moll, Jim's wife, has worked there for a month, and another one of the gang, is the gen'lman's coachman. That's all.

CAPT.—There'll be five in the party?

JAKE—Yes, countin' Moll one. If ye count her two, there'll be six. She's as good as two.

CAPT.—What sort of arms will they have?

JAKE—Pistols and knives, and they'll use 'em if they have to.

CAPT.—You talk pretty freely.

JAKE—Waal, didn't ye say you'd let me off? I want you to gobble this crowd. I'd a left 'em long ago if I could 'a' got away. You better send men enough and be there before ten o'clock to-ni, h! Now you can just knock off these bracelets, if you please, and I'll go.

CAPT. [rings bell; officers enter]—I guess you'd better stay with us to night, if your business isn't too pressing. Officers, take good care of this man. Put him in No 1. [Officers remove prisoner.]

RANS—Now you know all. I will volunteer to go with you and do my share in capturing these people, but let us have men enough to overawe them from the start; and I have one favor to ask, which is, that your men will not shoot anybody

CAPT.—They have standing orders never to shoot if it can be avoided.

RANS.—Will you go yourself?

CAPT.—Yes, with eight men, and we will be at the intersection of the two roads at the foot of the hill at eight o'clock. We will go out one by one, so as to attract no attention.

RANS.—And I will return to the mountain. Mr. Dubois will undoubtedly be back. I will put him on his guard, and be at the rendezvous.

CAPT.—All right. Eight o'clock.

RANS.—Yes. [Exit.]

CAPT.—That young fellow is fit to be Chief of Police. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—[Balcony of Dubois' mansion. Dinah feeding canaries.]

DINAH [sings]

"Didn't my Lord

D'liver Daniel,

D'liver Daniel,

D'liver Daniel,

And why not a-e-v-e-ry man?

He delivered Daniel

From delion's den,

Jonah from de belly of de whale;

And de Hebrew chil-ren

From de fiery furnace,

And why not a-e-v-e-ry man?

Didn't my Lord

D'liver Daniel,

D'liver Daniel,

D'liver Daniel,

And why not a-e-v-e-ry man?"

[Enter Mr. Dubois, unobserved by Dinah.]

Look out, you yaller bird! Don't you peck my fingers, you little half breed! You ain't noffin but a merlatter, no how. Don't you go to puttin' on no airs wid me. Guess you's glad enough I'se back agin, Look out dere, look out!

MR. D.—Faithful old creature! There are no house servants in the world that can compare with these colored women from the South.

DINAH [sings]

"Gwine to write to Massa Jesus,

To send send some valiant soldier

To turn back Pharaoh's army,

Hallelu!

To turn back Pharaoh's army,

Hallelu-yah!

To turn back Pharaoh's army,

Hallelu!

MR. D.—Where did you learn to sing, Dinah.

DINAH—Goodness golly! Massa Dubois, you here, and I been a makin' all dis yere rumpus.

MR. D.—There's no harm done, Dinah. I always like to see every one happy. But where did you learn to sing?

DINAH—Jes same as de birds, Massa Du-

bois. Down dere in ole Kentucky de niggers all used to sing, all de time. De little picanninnies went to singin' jes as quick as dey could run around. I speck de Lord learn 'em, jes same as he learn de birds.

[Enter Rans.]

RANS.—Mr. Dubois, I presume.

MR. D.—That is my name, sir.

[Exit Dinah.]

RANS.—I have this letter to you, sir, from Mr. Godfrey.

MR. D. [reads letter aloud.]

MY DEAR MR. DUBOIS:

This will be given to you by my foreman, Mr. Rans Romany, who will examine the water ram and its connections. As I have already said to you, you may rely upon his judgment.

Yours truly, PETER GODFREY.

I am glad to see you, sir. Will you proceed to business at once?

RANS.—I was here this morning, sir, and saw the pipes in the stable. All that you require is a larger pipe, say about two inches in diameter.

MR. D.—Do I understand you, that when this ram fails to send up a three-quarter stream, you can remedy it by increasing the column to two inches? Preposterous!

RANS.—That is just what I mean, Mr. Dubois. It is purely a question of friction, but there is more important business to talk about now. I discovered this morning that your house is to be attacked to-night by a band of gipsy robbers. Your coachman and other of your servants belong to the gang. The police are informed and will be here in force at 10 o'clock. Your place will be surrounded and the robbers captured. Do not breathe a word to any of your people; do not alarm your ladies; let all retire early. Have every light extinguished, but be ready to give us light quickly when called for; and above all, do not attempt to assist us yourself, as you might be mistaken for one of the robbers.

MR. D.—You are a stranger to me, sir. I don't exactly like this handing over the defence of my premises to others.

RANS.—I appreciate your position, Mr. Dubois, but a moment's reflection will show you that nothing else can be done under the circumstances.

MR. D.—Yes, that is so. I think I can trust you, my young friend. I will trust you—here's my hand.

RANS.—Good-bye, then, sir, till to-night. Make no change in the programme, please. [Exit Rans.]

MR. D.—What a magnificent fellow! I don't wonder at Godfrey's enthusiasm. He comes to me with news calculated to strike

a man with panic, and he leaves me almost free from apprehension. I will obey his orders implicitly. Stop—no, I will not. I will call in my friend and neighbor, Dr. Alexander. His surgical skill may be required, but what I most want him for is his army experience. He will enjoy this episode, and his calm courage will be of infinite value to me. [Exit.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—[The Dubois mansion. Night; wind; distant thunder, etc.]

[Enter Rans, Capt. Wiley and Sergeant.]

CAPT. WILEY [to Sergeant]—Place the men two hundred feet apart all around the mansion and up and down the road. Not a word must be spoken. When the robbers arrive let them pass through the lines. Let every man stand in his position till he hears my signal; then rally with all speed to the rear door. We two will guard the front. Now go. [Exit Sergeant.]

[Grows very dark; wind rises; blinds slam; lightning; distant thunder.]

[Enter Big Jim and two robbers, who pass to stable. Coachman admits them and closes door. Rans and Capt. Wiley watch. More thunder.]

RANS—They will lose no time. They will wish to be as far away as possible at daybreak.

CAPT. W.—They are still at the stable.

RANS—I think not.

[Katykid sings; another answers.]

CAPT. W.—That's the first katydid I have heard this year

RANS—Call in your men! That's a gipsy signal!

CAPT. W.—What do you know about gipsy signals?

RANS—Call in your men! Lose no time! They are at the back door now. Call in your men, I say!

[Dark lantern flashes around corner of building.]

[Capt. W. blows whistle; men heard running; dark lantern opens and closes; fighting and shouting heard in the rear front door opens and Big Jim rushes out, closely pursued by Dr. Alexander and Mr. Dubois. Jim springs from the balcony and is seized by Capt. Wiley and Rans. Jim draws pistol and fires at Rans, who falls heavily. Capt. Wiley fires and brings down Big Jim.]

DR. ALEXANDER—Serves the scoundrel right! Shoot him again!

CAPT. W.—Gentlemen, there's no cause for excitement; it's all over.

MR. D.—It's all over with that young man, I fear. Doctor, won't you attend to him at once?

DR. A.—Yes, I don't think I shall waste much time on this infernal scoundrel here. [Spurns Jim with his foot; examines Rans.]

CAPT. W.—I'm very glad you are here, doctor.

DR. A.—I'm very glad to be here, Captain. You're a surgeon, too, I believe?

CAPT. W.—That's what they call me at headquarters.

DR. A.—I hope you will remain here awhile. This case will demand all our united skill. There's no pulse; I'm afraid he's dead. We had better carry him into the house, where we can have light.

CAPT. W.—Yes, let him be carried in, at once. [Rans carried in.] And, Sergeant, take the prisoners all to the stable, and place a strong guard over them till morning. Look out for this big fellow; he may come to, suddenly. Search him for arms, and handcuff him, dead or alive. Place a bundle of straw under his head, and if he revives send for me at the house. [Enters house.]

OFFICER—Aye, aye, sir. [Prisoners taken to stable.]

CAPT. W. [returning]—Where's that woman Moll? Has she escaped in the confusion? Search every part of the grounds immediately! [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—[Summer house, surrounded with shrubbery.]

[Enter Moll, pursued by Dinah.]

MOLL—Take yer hands off from me, you nigger, or I'll brain ye!

DINAH—Who you call nigger, you ole dish rag? You ain't white nuff to put on no airs wid me. I've been looking for you ever since dis yere muss begun. I jess take five or six such white trash as you.

[Moll draws a knife and advances upon Dinah. Dinah rolls up her sleeves and sings.]

I'm a rolling,

I'm a rolling,

I'm a rolling through an unfriendly world;

I'm a rolling,

I'm a rolling through an unfriendly world;

[Enter police, and disarm Moll, who clinches Dinah and is thrown down. Dinah sings:]

"Roll Jordan roll,"

Roll Jordan roll."

[Police place Moll in irons.]

OFFICER—Now, Aunt, you can take your prisoner to the stable, where the oth-

ers are.

MOLL.—Take your hands off from me, you nigger!

DINAH.—O no, missus Moll! Guess I better keep 'em on. Yes, I think I will keep 'em on. Now—steady dar! steady! Jess face around little more towards de stable door. You'll travel better forards dan you will backards. Dar now; steady, steady. March to de music. [Sings.]

When Pharaoh crossed de water,
De waters came together
And drowned ole Pharaoh's army,
Halle-lu!

And drowne! ole Pharaoh's army,
Halle-lu-yah!
And drowned ole Pharaoh's army,
Halle-lu!

[Exeunt Dinah and prisoner, police bringing up the rear.]

SCENE III.—[Parlor of Dubois' mansion.]

[Rans lying on lounge, surrounded by Dr. Alexander, Capt. Wiley and Mr. Dubois.]

[Enter Lucy and Mrs. Lawrence, in wrappers and with hair disheveled. Seeing Rans, they both scream and faint. Mr. Dubois lays Mrs. Lawrence on sofa. Capt. Wiley places Lucy on another at the opposite side].

Mr. D.—Attend to the young man first, Doctor. Perchance he may be saved. The ladies have only fainted at seeing his ghastly face.

Dr. A.—The ball has entered his side. Neither his heart nor his lungs move. He's dead. Splendid anatomy, Captain—finest I ever saw! See what a chest! Ha! what's that? Puts his ear to chest. He lives! he lives! Let him be taken to a room, undressed and placed upon a bed, without delay. Show us where to go, Mr. Dubois. The Captain and I can carry him best. Be quick.

Mr. D.—This way, Doctor.

[Exit Mr. D., followed by Doctor and Captain W., carrying out Rans.]

Mrs. D. [reviving]—Lucy dear.

LUOY [reviving]—What! Where am I? Who spoke!

Mrs. L.—It is I, Mrs. Lawrence.

LUOY—Is this an awful dream, or is he dead?

Mrs. L.—Is who dead?

LUOY—My love! my darling! The idol of my dreams.

Mrs. L.—My dear, you are raving.

LUOY—No, no, no, no! I saw him lying on the lounge. It is he! He rescued the child from the surf! Where is he now? He is dead—he is dead! They have taken

his body away!

Mrs. L.—Ah! my child, strange fancies come over us women at times. You know I fainted at the lake. I saw the same face, and I fancied it the very image of my husband's, who died long years ago. This young man is doubtless Mr. Godfrey's foreman. Resemblances are too common in this world to be regarded as any tangible evidence.

[Enter Dr. Alexander and Mr. Dubois.]

Mr. D.—O Lucy!

LUOY—Father! They embrace.

Dr. A.—Well, ladies, you have recovered without my assistance.

Mrs. L.—Yes, thank you, Doctor; and now tell us what all this excitement is about. What is this dreadful battle that has been raging? Who is this young man that is wounded? Is he living or dead?

LUOY—Yes, tell us quickly. Is he dead or living?

Mr. D.—I cannot explain everything now; but a plan to rob the house has been frustrated by the energy and courage of Mr. Godfrey's foreman. He is seriously wounded, but we hope not fatally.

LUOY [clings to her father, hysterically]—Then he is not dead, he is not dead! Thank Heaven! Thank Heaven he is not dead!

Dr. A.—Be calm, my child. These gunshot wounds are often less serious than they at first appear. No one must see him for several days, but the Doctor and a nurse; but who will be his nurse?

Mrs. L.—I will volunteer.

Dr. A.—You? Why you fainted. You won't do for a nurse.

Mrs. L.—I shall not faint again, Doctor. I think the great excitement we have all been under might be accepted as a good excuse.

Dr. A.—Very well, then; but you must not speak a word to the patient. He must have absolute quiet; everything depends upon it. If he lives one week he will be out of danger. Come with me at once to his room and I will give you written directions. We must relieve Capt. Wiley, who is with him now. [Lucy embraces Mrs. Lawrence.]

[Exeunt, Dr. A. and Mrs. L., R; Lucy leaning on Mr. D., L.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—[The garden.]

[Enter Lucy.]

LUOY—How happy I have been for a few short weeks. He lives! Under good Dr. Alexander's skilful hands, and with

dear Mrs. Lawrence's careful nursing he is almost well. He is under my father's roof, but O! it makes me tremble. Although I love him he does not love me. He has never seen me, nor even heard of me. O, dreadful thought! What if he loves another!

[Enter Mrs. Lawrence, and Lucy weeps upon her shoulder.]

MRS. L.—Why these tears, my child? Dry them quickly. Look! Mr. Romany is coming into the garden, by permission of Dr. Alexander, to enjoy the balmy air of our beautiful Indian summer. [Enter Rans, with cane.] Permit me, Miss Dubois, to introduce our brave defender, Mr. Romany.

RANS—If you praise my bravery so highly, madam, what shall I say of my faithful nurse, to whom I am sure I owe my life?

LUCY—I shall agree with you both; but indeed, Mr. Romany, you must allow us to express our gratitude, as well as our congratulations.

RANS—Well, ladies, so be it, then; and now let us talk of something else. Is it because I have been bed-ridden, or is this really the most beautiful spot on earth? Are we in Orange, or is this below us the valley of Cashmere? Or is it a glorious dream? Or is it Paradise?

MRS. L.—I do not wonder at your enthusiasm, Mr. Romany. It is very lovely here, and these balmy November days surpass in loveliness all others of the year. Miss Lucy, you will entertain Mr. Romany, will you not, while I attend to some domestic affairs?

LUCY—I will try, Mrs. Lawrence. [Exit Mrs. Lawrence.] Shall we walk through the grounds, Mr. Romany? There is a fine view from the arbor. I will go for our glass. [Retires into house.]

RANS—Magnificent! What beauty! What eyes! What a voice! I would die a thousand deaths to rescue such an angel! But stop! Who am I? So the gates of Heaven itself will close to keep me out! I hear them now turning upon their hinges. Better far to have died by father's hand. What right have I to live?

[Lucy returns with field glass.]

LUCY—Can you walk without pain, sir?

RANS—O yes, indeed; I feel no pain whatever.

LUCY—Then we will go this way.

RANS—Do you know who I am?

LUCY [with surprise]—Why, yes. You are Mr. Romany, a great inventor, and the

youngest foreman in the world.

RANS—What if I were the son of Big Jim, the gipsy robber?

LUCY—I don't know that I should care.

RANS [kisses her like lightning]—Forgive me! O forgive me, angelic maiden! [Falls on his knees.] I knew not what I did. O lovely maiden, forgive, forgive!

LUCY—O, Mr. Romany! I am very young and inexperienced. [Rans rises to his feet.] I will not deny to you that I am wild with joy at your recovery. I will forgive you this time; but mind, never, never again. Come, we will walk this way. I will show you some beautiful views. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—[Summer house, surrounded with shrubbery.]

[Enter Mrs. Lawrence, much agitated, reading a letter.]

MRS. L.—This is very strange! My brain whirls! Oh! what is life that we should so cling to it? This sweet, sweet letter, coming as from the other world! But no! it's suggestions cannot be true! [Kisses the letter.]

[Enter Gipsy Jake, through the bushes.]

Who's there?

JAKE—Don't be frightened, lady. You needn't be scared o' me. I've suthin' very important to tell ye, and I want to see ye alone. If you'll go down the broad path to the hedge, I'll stand on the outside in the road, and there I can talk to ye and nobody'll see me. You needn't be scared o' me. It's very important. [Exit Jake.]

MRS. L.—What can this rough looking man want with me? His voice is kindly; I have nothing to fear. I'll go down to the hedge, at all events. [Exit]

SCENE III.—[Mr. Dubois' library.]

[Mr. D. seated. Enter Mr. Godfrey.]

MR. D.—Good morning, Godfrey.

MR. G.—Good morning, Mr. Dubois.

MR. D.—You received my letter, I suppose?

MR. G.—Yes, sir; and while I deeply appreciated your kindness, it's contents gave me great anxiety.

MR. D.—How is your suit progressing, Mr. Godfrey?

MR. G.—I confess I do not appear to be making much progress. Miss Lucy always treats me with marked politeness, but she has a scared sort of look whenever I see her alone, which always scares me, and so I have never yet had an opportunity presented for any private conversation.

[They light cigars and smoke in silence, looking at each other.]]

MR. D.—Your foreman is getting about well enough to go to business, isn't he? [Pulls bell rope.]

MR. G.—I should say so. [After a pause.] Does Mrs. Lawrence enjoy your daughter's fullest confidence?

MR. D.—Yes, undoubtedly; she is almost a mother to her.

MR. G.—I have great respect for that lady's character and good judgment.

MR. D.—She's a very remarkable woman, Godfrey; a very remarkable woman.

MR. G.—Suppose we bring her into our counsels.

MR. D.—Capital idea. We'll call her in; but first let us see the young man. I wish these servants would answer the bell.

DINAH [singing off stage]—

"My massa died a' shouting,
Singing Glory Halleluyah!
De last word he said to me
Was 'bout Jerusalem."

Did you ring for me, Massa Dubois?

MR. D.—Yes. Tell the young man, Mr. Romany, that Mr. Godfrey is in the library.

DINAH—Yes, Massa Dubois; dat's a awful nice young man. [Aside.] Guess Miss Lucy think dat's so, too. Dey're toggeder all de time. Heyah, heyah, heyah! [Exit, singing:]

"My missus died a' shouting,
Singing Glory Halleluyah!
De last word she said to me
Was 'bout Jerusalem."

MR. D.—That woman's always singing. We have tried to stop her, but she's perfectly irrepressible. Did Captain Wiley ever tell you the particular's about her capturing Moll?

MR. G.—No.

MR. D.—It was very funny. I'll tell you about it sometime. I guess I had better invite Mrs. Lawrence to meet us in the parlor after dinner.

MR. G.—Well, do so; the sooner the better.

[Enter Rans.]

MR. G.—Why, good morning, Rans.

RANS—Good morning, Mr. Godfrey.

MR. G.—Why! how exceedingly well you are looking. You're getting as good as new.

RANS—Well, yes, Mr. Godfrey. I'm picking up pretty rapidly. I've had the best doctor and the grandest lady I ever saw taking care of me, you know, and Mr. Dubois here has been very, very kind.

MR. D.—We've only done our duty, my

dear fellow; paying our honest debts, you know. I never like to be in debt.

RANS—How are things getting on below, Mr. Godfrey? I think every day how you need me. I shall be at work again soon now.

MR. G.—I'm glad to hear you say so; but you musn't overdo. In about another week you can be on hand, can't you? You needn't do much, you know; just simply oversee.

RANS—Rest assured, Mr. Godfrey, I shall not lose a day unnecessarily.

[An awkward silence.]

RANS [Aside]—They are very cool. Can they have learned who I am.] Good morning, gentlemen.

MR. D. and Mr. G.—Good morning, Rans, good morning. [Exit Rans.]

MR. G.—That's a very excellent young man.

MR. D.—He seems so. It's not easy nowadays to get and retain really valuable help. They want to get on too fast. As soon as they learn the business they want to go, I suppose.

MR. G.—Yes, yes, we have a great deal of trouble of that kind, especially in a business like mine.

MR. D.—Come, let's go into the parlor, and I'll send for Mrs. Lawrence at once. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.—[Parlor.]

[Enter Mr. Dubois and Mr. Godfrey.]

MR. D.—Did you notice her when I spoke to her in the hall?

MR. G.—I noticed that she was looking remarkably well.

MR. D.—That's what I mean. She was perfect^{ly} radiant. Why, she looked scarce^{ly} thirty. I think a great deal of that woman, Godfrey; I wish I knew her past history.

[Enter Mrs. Lawrence.]

Please be seated, madam. [Hands her to a seat.]

MR. D. [continues]—Mrs. Lawrence, you are in Mr. Godfrey's confidence, as well as mine and my daughter's, and we have concluded to ask you to talk frankly with us respecting domestic affairs which are of utmost importance to us all. You are aware that Mr. Godfrey is a suitor for my daughter's hand, and you cannot fail to be aware that the young man who has received our hospitality for some weeks, has succeeded in eliciting her affections. Now, madam, we have concluded to ask your valuable assistance in guiding and directing this young and inexperienced girl to a prop-

er decision. Will you be so kind as to give us your views?

Mrs. L.—Mr. Dubois, much as I regret to say an unwelcome thing, my judgment is that Lucy will not willingly consent to become the wife of Mr. Godfrey. I know that she has for him the most respect, but her heart is Mr. Romany's.

Mr. D. [starting from his chair]—I shall never consent to her marrying a common mechanic.

Mr. G.—And I, too, should be much mortified if I should be rejected in favor of my foreman, whom I took from the street.

Mrs. L.—Gentlemen, we must remember that Mr. Romany is no common mechanic. I think we have your authority, have we not, Mr. Godfrey, that he is a great mechanical genius and inventor?

Mr. D.—Are you in a conspiracy, Mrs. Lawrence, to destroy me and my family?

Mrs. L.—Heaven forbid. Mr. Dubois! I have been invited to your consultation, and can do no more than give you my honest convictions. I am honest in them, and if this be doubted I will at once retire.

Mr. D.—Pardon me, Mrs. Lawrence; but you know the solicitude for his only child. Will you tell us what you know of the young man—what has passed between him and Lucy?

Mrs. L.—I will, Mr. Dubois, and the unwelcome intelligence must be that her heart is wholly his. I had intended to inform you this very evening.

Mr. D.—Who is this wretch, who enters my house for spoliation?

Mrs. L.—For spoliation, Mr. Dubois? Was not his object to prevent spoliation! Did he not hazard and nearly lose his life thereby? Come, Mr. Dubois, we must be just ourselves.

Mr. D. [bursts his face in his hands, and groans.]—I have wealth and social position; I have been the architect of my own fortune; I had fondly hoped that for my only daughter, my only child, there was a suitable future, to cheer me in my declining years. I have spared no expense upon her education; I have watched over her, and loved her, and tenderly guarded her. Now in heartless ingratitude she throws herself away on a mere mechanic. Who is this Rans Romany? [Loud knock at parlor door.] Why do the servants trouble me at such a time? There is no discipline in this house! Come in!

[Enter Rans.]

RANS—I was passing through the hall, Mr. Dubois, and heard your loud inquiry concern-

ing me. It is a question you have a right to ask, and one which it is my duty to answer. I am the son of the leaders of the gang who attempted to rob your house. I have been shot down by my own father in defending your premises. If I have loved Lucy Dubois, and do love her, it is no more than any man must do who knows her. She has told me to-day that Mr. Godfrey is a suitor for her hand. I have done you no wrong, Mr. Dubois; nor you, Mr. Godfrey. I am not worthy of her hand, but I am of her heart. Before God I am honest in this. If I am not an honest man, why need I tell you that I am a gipsy? I will leave this house at once, and this country to-morrow. I will never see Lucy again. Can I do more, gentlemen?

Mrs. L.—Gentlemen, hear my revelation. I, too, am sailing under false colors, but I have done no harm and will do none. A foolish womanly pride has led me to conceal my real name and history. I could not bear the descent from my former social position. I was unwilling that the widow of an army officer, and the granddaughter of Robert Fulton, should be known in the subordinate capacity of housekeeper, and so I assumed the name of Mrs. Lawrence, with the full knowledge of all my friends, although against their advice. I now see I was wrong, but all are wrong sometimes, I suppose, and pardon me, you are all wrong now—every one. You, Mr. Dubois, in the false pride which would cause you to reject a suitor for your daughter's hand because he is a mechanic; you, Mr. Godfrey, in pressing a suit for a lady's hand without her heart; and you, Mr. Romany, in for one moment admitting yourself to be unworthy of the hand of Miss Dubois. Be still, my heart! Be still! [Takes from her pocket a letter, which she opens and holds aloft.] This morning I received this letter. It is from the other world! It contains my husband's last words to me as he was going to his death upon the battle field. It has lain in the sepulchre of dead letters; it has been rescued from burning by one who knew him in the army, and saved it for his sake; it has sought me in every pension office in the land, and at last reached me to-day. [She reads the letter aloud.]

DEAREST WIFE:

We are awaiting orders for a charge. For years I have concealed from you a belief that the child we buried was not the one I saw on the night of its birth. How could it become completely emaciated in three days? You were insensible, and never knew the difference, and when your grief was assuaged it

would do no good to tell you my suspicions; but I have never been able to shake off the belief that our beautiful child was taken away and a wretched starveling substituted. If it be so, and our boy still lives, should aught befall me, may God in his wisdom and mercy bring him to you.

Darling, I have just been breveted "General!" The drum beats—the bugle sounds. Adieu! Your loving husband,
RANDOLPH ROMAINE.

And now the strangest part! Even as I was reading the letter in the arbor, a man came through the shrubbery, calling himself Gipsy Jake, who told me that he was the one who gave information of the robbery. He knew my real name, for I had been recognized by the woman Moll when she was in this house. He said that the child I buried was not my own, but had been changed by her, when she was my nurse, while I lay insensible, for my great, splendid boy, who ran away from them eleven years ago when they were encamping at Lake Hopatcong. The name they had given him was RANS ROMANY!

RANS—My mother! Oh, my mother! Now indeed I can obey the Commandment, "Honor thy father and thy mother."

[She falls into his arms; he covers her forehead with kisses.]

MR. D. (sobbing violently)—Godfrey, I guess I'm an old fool.

MR. G. (also sobbing)—I guess I'm another.

[Enter Lucy.]

LUCY—Why, what is all the matter? Is there another robbery?

[Enter Dinah.]

MR. D.—Come here, Lucy. Strange revelations have been made to-day. Let me introduce you to Mrs. General Romaine.

MRS. L.—And to my son, Mr. Randolph Romaine. There was a robbery many years ago, when Randolph was a baby; but restitution has been made to-day.

MR. G.—No, not yet; not full restitution. Come, Mr. Romaine.

RANS—No, no, Mr. Godfrey; call me Rans.

MR. G. (places Lucy's hand in that of

Rans)—This is the only reparation I can make for all my foolish blunders.

LUCY—Oh, Mr. Godfrey, you are indeed our friend.

MR. G.—Come, Mr. Dubois, the father's blessing. It is like a play. Let us make a tableau.

MR. D.—Well, Mrs. Romaine, will you take my hand; that is will you accept my hand? You have long had my heart.

MRS. L.—I am blown like a thistle down before the wind, but I know it is a friendly gale. It gave me back my boy—

MR. D.—Let it give you also a husband and a home.

MR. G.—Come, come, the tableau. (And he arranges Mr. Dubois and Mrs. Lawrence, right centre; Rans and Lucy, left centre; Mr. Godfrey, right, and Dinah comes down stage unobserved, and taking the left, commences to sing.)

MRS. L. AND LUCY—Why! Dinah! Dinah!

MR. D.—Hush! She is in an ecstasy, and so am I! Let us bury our false pride. Let not the lessons of to-day be lost so soon. Go on, Dinah, and we will join in the chorus.

DINAH (sings)—

"Swing low, sweet chariot,
Comin' for to carry me home;

Swing low, sweet chariot,
Comin' for to carry me home.

I looked over Jordan and what did I see,

Comin' for to carry me home,

A band of angels comin' after me,
Comin' for to carry me home."

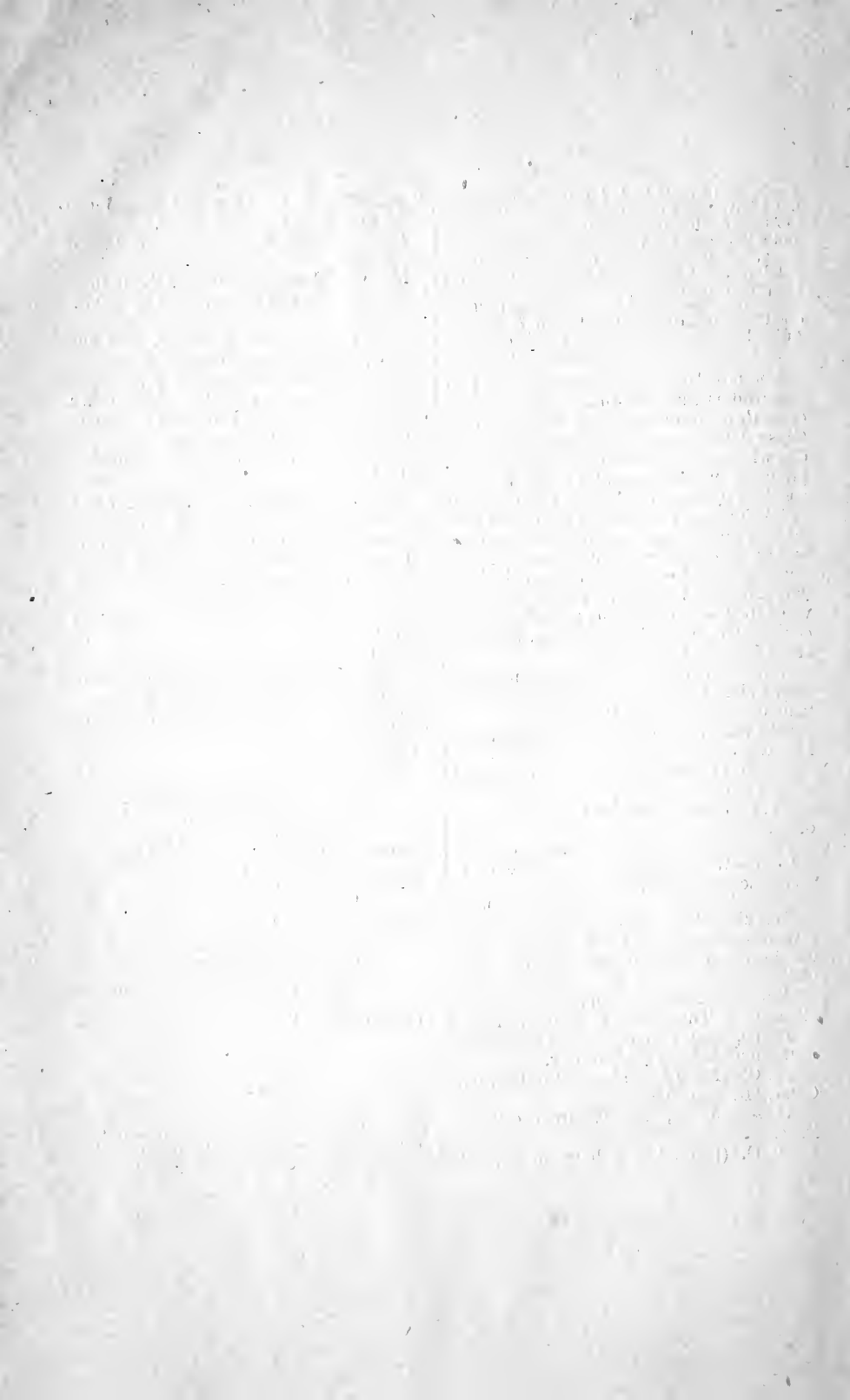
MR. D.—Chorus! (A'l sing.)

"Swing low, sweet chariot,
Comin' for to carry me home;
Swing low, sweet chariot,
Comin' for to carry me home."

(Curtain falls.)

THE END.

[Entered according to act of Congress in the year 1876, by Henry Hill, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.]



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 016 103 646 8